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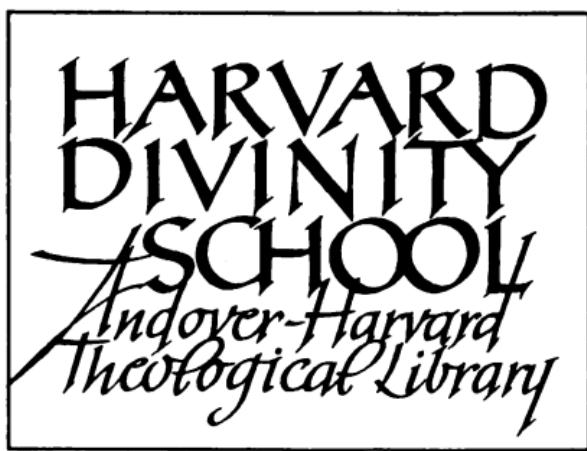
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HYMNS
FOR
SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORSHIP,
WITH
A SELECTION OF APPROPRIATE TUNES.

M
2193
.W3

BOSTON:
BY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
311 WASHINGTON STREET.







H Y M N S

—

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORSHIP.

John Fothergill Waterhouse Wife.

—

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,

111 WASHINGTON STREET.

1854.

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M
2193
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My object, in the present compilation, has been simply to get together a very few hymns for Sunday-school worship;— such as were not beyond the experience or the understanding of children, and such as were not likely to be much used in the ordinary church services. Since undertaking the work, I am told that there is a desire for something of this sort, and I am not without the hope that the book may be found useful beyond the limits of my own School, for which it was prepared.

I am indebted to a friend for the selection of tunes, which it has been thought best should accompany the hymns.

J. F. W. W.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 1, 1853.

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INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

CAMBRIDGE. 1. C. M.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise!

My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee holy and divine,
Beyond all other days.

The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

This day I must to God appear,
 For, Lord, the day is thine ;
 Help me to spend it in thy fear,
 And thus to make it mine.

GETHSEMANE.

2. 7s. M.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day !
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest !

Lord, we pray for pardoning grace
 In our dear Redeemer's name ;
 Sin remove, and, in its place,
 Give us virtue's purest flame ;
 Thus from all our sins set free,
 May we rest at last with thee.

MISSIONARY-HYMN.

3. 7 & 6s. M.

WE come, O God, with gladness,
 Our humble thanks to bring ;

With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love ;
Like streams of bounty flowing
Thy mercies from above.

Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near ;
O Father ! thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here :
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still, thou, in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise ;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth for ever
Shall be our only guide ;
From duty's path we 'd never,
O, never ! turn aside.

PETERBOROUGH.

4.

C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
 My voice ascending high ;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.

O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness ;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

NUREMBURG.

5.

7s. M.

SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now ;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
 We are weak, almighty thou.

With the peace thy word imparts
 Be the taught and teachers blest ;
 In our lives and on our hearts,
 Father, be thy laws impressed.

Shed abroad in every mind
 Light and pardon from above ;
 Charity for all our kind,
 Trusting faith and holy love.

TRUBRO. 6. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord, I to thee my vows renew ;
 Dispel my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

VINTON. 7. 7s. M.

Now the shades of night are gone ;
 Now the morning light is come ;

Lord, may we be thine to-day !
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin !

When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last !
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

VINTON. 8. 7s. M.

In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day ;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
 Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
 Thou, who givest life divine,
 Shine within me, Lord, O shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
 How to find all strength in Thee,
 And a perfect triumph win
 Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
 Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears !
 Every step thy love attend,
 And my soul from death defend !

MORNINGTON. 9. S. M.

SWEET is the task, O Lord !
 Thy glorious acts to sing ;
 To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet, at the dawning hour,
 Thy boundless love to tell ;

And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven!

WELLS. 10. L. M.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!

From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth, he flies and shines.

O, like the sun, may I fulfil
 The appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on and keep the heavenly way !

HAMBURG. 11. L. M.

O God ! I thank thee that the night
 In peace and rest hath passed away,
 And that I see, in this fair light,
 My Father's smile, that makes it day.

Be thou my Guide, and let me live
 As under thine all-seeing eye ;
 Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
 And make me happy when I die.

BOYLSTON. 12. S. M.

WITHIN these walls be peace ;
 Love through our borders found ;
 In all our little palaces,
 Prosperity abound !

God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

May none who thus are taught
From glory be cast down,
But all, through faith and patience, brought
To an immortal crown !

OLD HUNDRED. **13.** L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PRAISE AND GRATITUDE.

CAMBRIDGE. **14.** C. M.

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures by his word,
And then pronounced them good.

There 's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

HEBRON. 15. L. M.

GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend ?
 I but a child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

Art thou my Father ? Canst thou bear
 To hear my poor, imperfect prayer ?
 Or stoop to listen to the praise
 That such a little one can raise ?

Art thou my Father ? Let me be
 A meek, obedient child to thee ;
 And try, in every deed and thought,
 To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father ? I 'll depend
 Upon the care of such a friend,
 And only wish to do and be
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father ? Then, at last,
 When all my days on earth are past,
 Send down, and take me, in thy love,
 To be thy better child above.

WORTHING.

16. 8 & 7s. M.

God is love ! his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comforts from above ;
 Everywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

DUKE STREET.

17. L. M.

How good is God ! Each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark greenwood,
The insect fluttering for an hour, —
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in each breath of wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat, that God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song, that God is good.

The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed ;
The rising sun, each day, declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That God is good ! and man, endued

With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat, that God is good.

WELLS.

18.

L. M.

FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that, where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought;
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

ST. MARTIN'S.

19.

C. M.

THERE 's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,

Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

There 's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
Or heavenly wisdom seen.

There 's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth,
There 's not a cloud, or dark, or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.

Then wake, my soul! and sing His name,
And all His praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

LABAN.

20.

S. M.

TEN thousand different flowers,
To thee sweet offerings bear ;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

But trees and fields and skies
Still praise a God unknown ;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossoms of ten thousand flowers
Would please thee, Father, less.

While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
O, tune them all to sing thy praise
In better songs on high !

DEDHAM. **21.** C. M.

It was our Heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth ;

He made the shining worlds above,
And everything on earth.

He gives us all our parents dear,
Our teachers kind and true ;
He bids us all their precepts hear,
And all they teach us, do.

God sees and hears us all the day,
And in the darkest night ;
He views us when we disobey,
And when we act aright.

God hears what we are saying now ;—
O what a wondrous thought !
Our Heavenly Father ! teach us how
To love thee as we ought.

LANESBOROUGH.

22.

C. M.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

'T is thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou giv'st the power.

My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love thee and obey.

FROTHINGHAM.

23.

C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'T is a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

St. MARTIN's.

24.

C. M.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A free and happy child.

I was not born, as millions are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer,
To blocks of wood and stone.

My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this Christian land,
Where I may hear of thee.

Help me to serve thee every day,
Whilst thou shalt give me breath;
And grant that, while on earth I stay,
I may prepare for death.

DUNDEE.

25.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father! I am weak,
But thou wilt strengthen me,
If, from my heart, I humbly seek
For help and light from thee.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtue strong;—
Help me to think of thee.

Let Christian courage guard my youth;
That courage give to me

Which ever acts and speaks the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

MARLOW.

26.

C. M.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more ;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

While some poor children scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord ! I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest ?

Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

WARD. **27.** L. M.

BEHOLD the lily's silken vest,
How finely wove in nature's loom !
No king, in ermined splendor dressed,
Can match its richness or perfume.

And see, in tracts of desert air,
The feathered people wildly roam !
God makes their little wants his care,
Hears their weak cry, and guards their home.

If thus he clothes the lily race,
That bud and blossom but to die ;
If thus from heaven, his lofty place,
He heeds the humblest things that fly ; —

Shall doubting man, to fears a prey,
In dark despondence waste his hours ?

Can love's exhaustless source decay ?
Or are we less than birds or flowers ?

GAULOS. 28. C. M.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots, through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee ;
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

T H E B I B L E.

St. MARTIN'S. 29. C. M.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

The starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.

But still thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine ;
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.

Thy Word is everlasting truth :
 How pure is every page !
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And still support our age.

MARLOW. 30. C. M.

Thy gracious aid, great God, impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Write all its precepts on the heart,
 And deep its truths impress.

O, speed our progress in the way
 That leads to joy on high,
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

P R A Y E R.

DUNDEE. **31.** C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God will not answer what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though it should be my greatest joy
To love and seek the Lord.

O, let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
Which comes not from the heart.

But if I make his ways my choice,
 As holy children do,
 Then, while I seek him with my voice,
 My heart will love him too.

MORNINGTON.

32.

S. M.

We oft repeat our prayers,
 But do we ever pray ?
 Or do the wishes of our hearts
 Suggest the words we say ?

We may as well kneel down
 And worship gods of stone,
 As offer to the living God
 A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
 The Lord will never hear ;
 Nor will he ever those regard,
 Whose prayers are insincere.

Lord ! teach us what we want,
 And teach us how to pray ;

Nor let us e'er implore thy grace,
Not feeling what we say.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 33. 7 & 6s. M.

Go when the morning shineth ;
Go when the moon is bright ;
Go when the eve declineth ;
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away ;
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,

Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Thy spirit sends above
 Will reach His throne of glory,
 Who is Mercy, Truth, Love.

O, not a joy nor blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that He hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer !
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall ;
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love, who gave thee all.

BELLINI. **34.** C. M.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
 And oh ! accept my prayer !
 Thou canst hear all the words I say,
 For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall,
 Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;

And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

WOODSTOCK. 35. C. M.

WILL God, who made the earth and sea,
The night and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray

Yes ! in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love ;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

To those who seek him he is near ;
He looks upon the heart ;
And from the humble and sincere,
He never will depart.

He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer;
Where'er the child to seek him goes,
He finds his Father there.

WELLS. **36.** L. M.

God is so good, that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares,
That, as a tender father will,
He listens to our lowly prayers,
And what we ask will grant us still.

He loves to hear a grateful tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given;
And when on earth his praise is sung,
The cheerful notes are heard in heaven.

NUREMBURG. 37. 7s. M.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness, in our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer :
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer :
God is present everywhere.

MARLOW.

38.

C. M.

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
“ O God, thy will be done !”

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

O let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control !

THE SAVIOUR.

BELLINI.

39.

C. M.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

“ Glory to God ! ” the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring ;
 “ Peace to the earth, — good-will to men,
 From heaven’s Eternal King ! ”

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
 The Saviour now is born !
 And bright on Bethlehem’s joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

ST. MARTIN’S. 40. C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he, — for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind ;

“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“ To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born, of David’s line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign : —

“ The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song : —

“ All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace !
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease !”

WORTHING.

41.

8 & 7s. M.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 " Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most high !

" Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found.
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ; —
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

" Christ is born, the great Anointed !
 Heaven and earth his praises sing !
 O, receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King ! "

Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth ;

Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

ARLINGTON. 42. C. M.

IN the green fields of Palestine,
And by its winding rills,
Along the Jordan's sacred stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and roved the fairest child,
That ever blest the earth ;
The holiest, the happiest,
And yet of humblest birth.

How beautiful his childhood was,
Harmless and undefiled !
O, dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child !

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove,
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

O, is it not a blessed thought,
 Children of human birth,
 That once the Saviour was a child,
 And lived upon the earth ?

GREENVILLE.

43. 8 & 7s. M.

JESUS CHRIST, our Lord and Saviour,
 Once became a child like me :
 O that in my whole behaviour
 He my pattern still may be !

If my feelings are not holy,
 Pride and passion dwell within ;
 But the Lord was meek and lowly,
 And was never known to sin.

While I 'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess,
 He was always self-denying,
 Patient in his worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature ;
 Guide me by the word of truth ;

Condescend to be my teacher,
Through my childhood and my youth.

HEBRON.

44.

L. M.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If we had lived so long ago,
O, should not we have loved the Lord?

Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful man,
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind,—
O, should we not have loved him then?

But where is Jesus? Is he dead?
O no! he lives in heaven above;
And “Blest are they,” the Saviour said,
“Who, though they have not seen me, love!”

WOODSTOCK.

45.

C. M.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,

And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill ;
But One there was, who rose and said
To the wild sea, “ Be still ! ”

And the wind ceased ! — it ceased ! that word
Passed through the stormy sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

Thou that didst bow the billow’s pride,
Subdue us to thy will ;
Speak, speak to passion’s raging tide,
Speak, and say, “ Peace, be still ! ”

HAMBURG. 46. L. M.

O’ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast ;
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast hath sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
Why seeks he not the pillow'd bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest ; —
“ He hath not where to lay his head.”

Such was the lot he freely chose
To bless, to save the human race ;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

NUREMBURG. 47. 7s. M.

THUS said Jesus : “ Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto ! ”

Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown ?
Be forgiving then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.

Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore ?
Think of others then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all ;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.

If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all his children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

PETERBOROUGH.

48.

C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms !
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms !

“ Suffer the little ones,” he says,
“ Forbid them not to come ;
Of such is heaven ; and souls like these
Shall find in heaven their home.”

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

WARD.

49.

L. M.

“ O, LEARN of me !” the Saviour cried,
“ O, learn of me, ye sons of pride !
For I am lowly, humble, meek ;
No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak.”

Yes, blessed Jesus ! thou wast mild,
Patient, and gentle, when a child ;
And children who thy joy would see
Must meek and lowly be, like thee.

UXBRIDGE.

50.

L. M.

He lived as none but he has lived,
The wisest Teacher from above ;
He died, as none but he has died, —
His every act an act of love.

His fervent piety was breathed
To the lone waste, the desert hill,
And in the haunts of men he sought
To do his Heavenly Father's will.

He preached the Gospel to the poor,
Beside the couch of anguish stood ;
Consoled the sufferer, healed the sick,
And went about still doing good.

With sinners he conversed, and gave
Peace to the weary, troubled mind ;

Yet free from stain till life's last hour,
 In him his foes no fault could find.

Born 'midst the humblest sons of earth,
 All earth's temptations he withstood ;
 And e'en the meed of praise renounced,
 Declaring, God alone is good.

BALERMA.

51.

C. M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild, benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
 Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
 Now points to his abode ;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our Lord.

O, haste to follow where it leads !
 The gracious call obey,
 Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
 The Christian's destined way.

O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given !
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

CAMBRIDGE. 52. C. M.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing tongues shall join
To hail this welcome morn,

Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

WARD. **53.** L. M.

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven he came ; of heaven he spoke ;
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

“ Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ! ”
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

HEBRON. **54.** L. M.

AND is the Gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ; —

The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live.

To do his Heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;—
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

ALPS.

55.

6s. M.

I FEEL within a want,
For ever burning there;
What I so thirst for, grant,
O Thou who hearest prayer!

This is the thing I crave,—
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have,
Than call the world my own.

Like him, now, in my youth,
I long, O God, to be,—
In tenderness and truth,
In sweet humility.

'T is my most fervent prayer;—
Be it more fervent still,
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will!

NUREMBURG.

56.

7s. M.

Feeble, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be?
 Who shall lead thy child to thee?

Blessed Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead.

Through the world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever lean on him;
 From his precepts wisdom draw,
 Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
 In my weakness, thus shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die;—

Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above,—
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Feeling thee, my Father, near.

EARLY RELIGION AND DUTY.

HEBRON. **57.** L. M.

IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke ;
“ Samuel ! ” it called, and thrice it spoke ;
He rose, and asked whence came the word ;
From Eli ? No, — it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear:
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

LANESBOROUGH.

58.

C. M.

Now, in the dawning of my youth,
Thou who createdst me!
Taught by thy holy word of truth,
May I remember thee!

May all my coming years be spent
In love and piety!
Thankful for all thy blessings lent,
May I remember thee!

And if life's varied lot shall cast
Its evil days on me,
Should sorrow lower, or sickness blast,
May I remember thee!

And when at last my parting breath
Shall yield my soul to thee,

My hope and trust in life and death,
Father ! remember me !

PETERBOROUGH.

59.

C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !

O Thou that giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

DEDHAM.

60.

C. M.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When Wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein ?

Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter and are past ;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

BALERMA.

61.

C. M.

O, HAPPY is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

ARLINGTON.

62.

C. M.

WHEN we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'T is easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

'T will save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young,
Grace will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God ! to thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'T will please us to look back and see
That all our lives were thine.

DEDHAM.

63.

C. M.

In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

WOODSTOCK.

64.

C. M.

Now that our journey 's just begun,
Our road so little trod,
We 'll come, before we farther run,
And give ourselves to God.

What sorrows may our steps attend,
We never can foretell ;
But since we know God is our friend,
We feel that all is well.

Father! whatever grief or ill
For us may be in store,
Make us submissive to thy will,
And we will ask no more.

ARLINGTON.

65.

C. M.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed ;
Then seize, O youth! the present hour,—
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always,—do it now,—
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil,
Go forth in shame to reap.

WATCHMAN. **66.** 7s. M.

Lo ! the lilies of the field !
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to nature's lesson given,
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety :
Children, banish doubt and sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children, lest they fall.
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.

VINTON. **67.** 7s. M.

COME, ye young, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn, —
See the lily on its bed,
Hanging down its modest head.

Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet ;
Be as gentle, be as mild ;
Be a modest, simple child.

For humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty 's past ;
And the Saviour, from above,
Views a humble child with love.

PETERBOROUGH.

68.

C. M.

WHAT is an idol ? Every heart
Has idols of its own ;
Some are of gold and silver bright,
And some of wood and stone.

If there be aught the world contains
Which I love more than Thee,
That sinful love within my heart
Idolatry must be.

Then take that sinful love away,
And place thy love within ;
And break down every image there
That leads me into sin.

Deeply inscribed upon my heart
Let thy commandments be ;
That there may live within my breast
None other God but thee.

WORTHING.

69.

7 & 8s. M.

He who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent while yet 't is day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.

Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending,
Softly sinking down in age,
And through death to God ascending.

LABAN.

70.

S. M.

Thy conscience be thy crown,
Contented thoughts thy rest;
Thy heart be happy in itself,
Thy bliss be in thy breast.

Thy wishes be but few,
 All easy to fulfil ;
 In prayer, ask thou the Lord to bend
 Thy spirit to his will.

Feel thou no care for gold ;
 Well-doing be thy wealth ;
 Thy mind to thee an empire be,
 And God afford thee health.

BELLINI. 71. C. M.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
 So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,—
 I'll tarry in the sky ?

What if a shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,
 Because its feeble light alone
 Cannot create a day ?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
 The cool, refreshing shower ?

And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord! to truth and thee;
Then shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

DUNDEE.

72.

C. M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

DEDHAM.

73.

C. M.

WHEN, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,

“ Father, forgive their sins,” he said,
“ They know not what they do.”

Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend ;
And speak the pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

WELLS.

74.

L. M.

THE gentle child, that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word,—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

Great God ! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

BELLINI.

75.

C. M.

A LITTLE word, in kindness said,
A motion or a tear,
Has often soothed the heart that 's sad,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

HEBRON.

76.

L. M.

How many ways the young may find
To be of use, if so inclined !
How many services perform,
If love is constant, earnest, warm !

A life that's spent for self alone
Can never be a useful one;
The good will ever scorn to be
Inactive in society.

However trifling what we do,
If a good purpose be in view,
Although we should not have success,
Our motive God will see and bless.

UXBRIDGE.

77.

L. M.

BEFORE I close my eyes to-night,
Let me myself these questions ask:
Have I endeavored to do right,
Nor thought my duty was a task?

Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,
And the small voice of conscience heard?
When passion tempted me to speak,
Have I repressed the angry word?

Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed
What my kind parents bade me do;

And not by word or action said
The thing that was not strictly true ?

In hard temptation's troubled hour,
Then have I stopped to think and pray
That God would give my soul the power
To chase the sinful thought away ?

O Thou, who seest all my heart,
Wilt thou forgive and love me still ?
Wilt thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love to do thy will ?

MARLOW. 78. C. M.

O, WHEREFORE were the flowers all made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man; to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim:
For Who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

DEATH, AND THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

GREENVILLE.

79.

8 & 7s. M.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :—

“ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

“ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace ?
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

“ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
O, receive our timely warning,—
Heaven and earth shall pass away ! ”

On the tree of life eternal,
O, let all our hopes be laid !
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

WOODSTOCK. 80. C. M.

THE young, the lovely, pass away,
Ne'er to be seen again ;
Earth's fairest flowers too soon decay,
Its blasted trees remain.

Full oft we see the blighted thing
That lifts its head on high
Smile in the light, then droop its wing,
And fade away and die.

And kindly is the lesson given ;
Then dry the falling tear ;

They came to raise our hearts to heaven,
They go and call us there.

WOODSTOCK. 81. C. M.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now ;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath ;
Soul in its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

UXBRIDGE. 82. L. M.

WHEN power divine in mortal form
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
“ Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”

So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,

One thought shall every pang remove,—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

God calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm ;
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know or know him not.

And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering Nature waits her doom,
His voice shall wake the pious dead,—
“ Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”

BENEVENTO. 83. C. M.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here ;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait ;
But how little, none can know.

As the wingèd arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find, —
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

Boylston. 84. S. M.

My few revolving years,
 How swift they glide away !
 How short the term of life appears,
 When past, — but as a day !

A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way !

NATIONAL AND ANNIVERSARY.

HAMBURG. 85. L. M.

O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime
The message of thy love shall hear, —

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

AMERICA. 86. 6 & 4s. M.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait.
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou for ever nigh!—
God save the state!

UXBRIDGE.

87.

L. M.

WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful hearts and fervent prayer;
For thou who wast our fathers' friend
Wilt make their offspring still thy care.

FROTHINGHAM.

88.

C. M.

HERE, like the birds that wander free,
Warbling their woodland lays,
We, Heavenly Father, sing to thee
Our grateful song of praise.

The happy minstrels of the air,
That on thy bounty live,
With songs repay thy constant care,—
'T is all that they can give.

But we can give the loving heart,
And lift our thoughts above,
Can learn that thou our Father art,
And feel that thou art love.

A table in the wilderness
Of old thy bounty spread,
When manna dropped, the tribes to bless
That cried to thee for bread.

For us kind friends a feast prepare,
Beneath this woodland shade,
Scarce better could thy children fare,
Whose food the manna made.

Never, like them, may we be heard
To murmur or repine;
Still may we heed thy holy word,
And form our wills to thine.

CLOSING AND EVENING.

ARLINGTON.

89.

C. M.

How beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!

And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glows there a light within this breast
Outshining every star?

Yes, should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

This is the soul that God has given ;—
Sin may its lustre dim,
While goodness bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to him.

BELLINI.

90.

C. M.

BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer,
And deign a helpless child to keep
By thy protecting care.

The little birds, that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By thee protected still,

Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus wilt thou guard, with gracious arm,
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep thy child from every harm
Beneath thy watchful eye.

WILMOT. **91.** 7s. M.

THANKS to thee, before we part,
Father, rise from every heart,
For the blessed Sabbath given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

Give the teaching of this hour
O'er our lives a guiding power ;
Deep impress thy saving truth
On the wavering heart of youth.

Guide and guardian be to each,
Till that safer home we reach,
Where, sweet Sabbaths never o'er,
We shall meet and part no more.

ARLINGTON.

92.

C. M.

Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our parting Sabbath song.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
O, smile upon this cheerful band,
And join our hearts in love!

OLD HUNDRED.

93.

L. M.

RETIRING from our school once more,
Thy blessing, Father, we implore;
Still may we keep the heavenly way,
And serve and please thee through the day.

As in thy temple we appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear;
Thy truth impart, thy love instil,
That we may know and do thy will.

SICILIAN HYMN.

94.

8 & 7s. M.

HEAVENLY Father! grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

Have we wandered? O, forgive us!
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love.

WILMOT.

95.

7s. M.

FATHER, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

UXBRIDGE.

96.

L. M.

ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

DUKE STREET.

97.

L. M.

AGAIN we 've seen the Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;
We thank thee, Father, and we pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

May all we heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

SICILIAN HYMN.

98.

8 & 7s. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy peace possessing
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.



LIST OF TUNES.

LONG METRE.

	PAGE		PAGE
Duke Street	1	Truro	5
Hebron	2	Uxbridge	6
Hamburg	3	Ward	7
Old Hundred	4	Wells	8

COMMON METRE.

Arlington	9	Mear	16
Balerma	10	St. Martin's	17
Cambridge	11	Woodstock	18
Dedham	12	Frothingham	19
Dundee	13	Bellini	20
Lanesborough	14	Marlow	21
Peterborough	15	Gaulos	22

SHORT METRE.

Boylston	24	Laban	26
Haverhill	25	Mornington	27

7s. METRE.

Nuremburg	28	Wilmot	81
Pleyel's Hymn	29	Benevento	82
Vinton	80		

LIST OF TUNES.

7 & 6s. METRE.

Missionary Hymn	40	Gethsemane	85
Watchman	84		

8 & 7s. METRE.

Greenville	86	Sicilian Hymn	88
Worthing	87		

6 & 4s. METRE.

America	89
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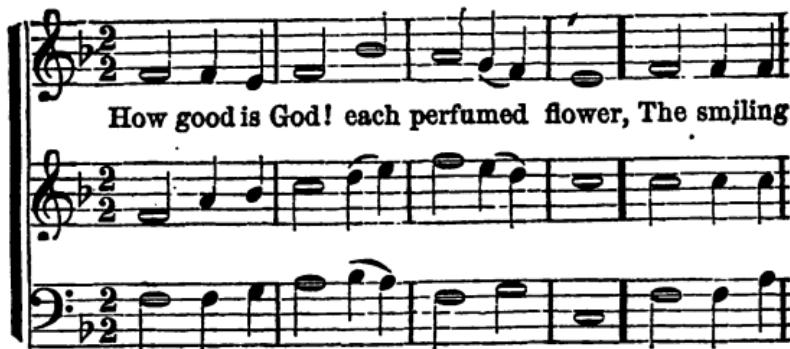
6s. METRE.

Alps	44
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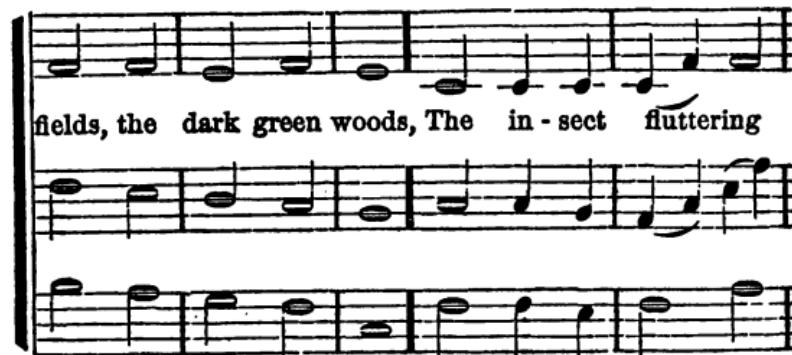
The Lord's Prayer	42
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DUKE STREET. L. M.

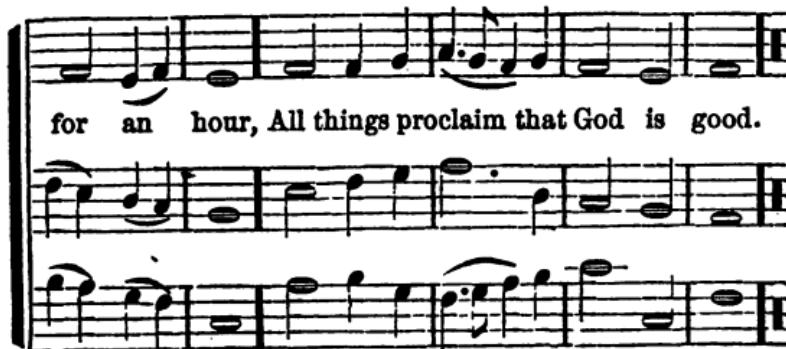
1



How good is God! each perfumed flower, The smiling



fields, the dark green woods, The in - sect fluttering



for an hour, All things proclaim that God is good.

Great God! and wilt thou con-de-scend To

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in G clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in G clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in F clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

be my Father and my Friend? I but a child, and

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in G clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in G clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in F clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

thou so high, The Lord of earth and air and sky!

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in G clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in G clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in F clef, 2/3 time, and has a key signature of one flat. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

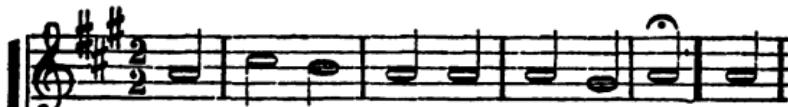
HAMBURG. L. M.

3

O God, I thank thee that the night In peace and

rest hath passed a-way; And that I see, in

this fair light, My Father's smile, that makes it day.



From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let



the Cre - a - tor's praise a-rise! Let the Redeemer's



name be sung, Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.



TRURO. L. M.

5

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai- ly
UNISON.

This block contains the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is in treble clef, the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 2/2 time with a key signature of two sharps. The bass staff contains a single note 'C' with a dynamic instruction 'UNISON.' below it.

stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful

This block contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody in treble clef, and the bottom staff continues in bass clef. Both staves are in 2/2 time with a key signature of two sharps.

rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.

This block contains the fifth and sixth staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody in treble clef, and the bottom staff continues in bass clef. Both staves are in 2/2 time with a key signature of two sharps.

UXBRIDGE L. M.

He lived as none but he has lived, The

This block contains the first line of the hymn, "He lived as none but he has lived, The". It features three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. All staves are in 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

wisest teacher from a - bove; He died as none but

This block contains the second line of the hymn, "wisest teacher from a - bove; He died as none but". It features three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. All staves are in 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

he has died: His every act an act of love.

This block contains the third line of the hymn, "he has died: His every act an act of love.". It features three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. All staves are in 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

“O, learn of me,” the Sa - viour cried, “O,

learn of me, ye sons of pride! For I am low - ly,

humble, meek; No haughty looks, high thoughts bespeak.”

3/2 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of three staves: vocal, piano treble, and piano bass. The vocal line starts with a half note followed by eighth notes. The piano parts provide harmonic support.

God of the morning, at thy voice The

3/2 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of three staves: vocal, piano treble, and piano bass. The vocal line begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano parts provide harmonic support.

cheerful sun makes haste to rise, And like a gi - ant

3/2 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. The music consists of three staves: vocal, piano treble, and piano bass. The vocal line begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano parts provide harmonic support.

dohth re - joice, To run his journey thro' the skies.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

9

2 3

In the green fields of Pal - es - tine, And

2 3

2 3

by its wind - ing rills, A - long the Jor - dan's

2 3

2 3

sa - cred stream, And o'er the vine - clad hills.

2 3

A musical score for three voices. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a treble clef. The middle staff is in A major, common time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in A major, common time, with a bass clef. The lyrics are: "Bright was the guid-ing star, that led, With".

A musical score for 'The Gen-tiles' featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, the middle staff an alto F-clef, and the bottom staff a bass G-clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'mild, be - nig - nant ray, The Gen - tiles to the' are written below the top staff.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. The top line of the score consists of a single staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics "low - ly bed Where our Re - deem - er lay." are written below the staff. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The bottom line of the score consists of two staves, one for the bass (C-clef) and one for the tenor (F-clef), both in common time. These staves are mostly blank, indicating that the melody continues on the top staff.

Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first and

best of days; The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and

The day of pray'r and praise, The day of pray'r and praise.
praise.

2

It was our Heavenly Father's love Brought

2

2

eve - ry be - ing forth; He made the shining

2

2

worlds a - bove, And eve - ry thing on earth.

2



Al - migh-ty Father! I am weak, But



thou wilt strengthen me, If, from my heart, I



hum - bly seek For help and light from thee.

Lord! I would own thy tender care, And all thy love to me;

The food I eat, the clothes I wear, The food I

eat, the clothes I wear, Are all bestowed by thee.

Musical notation for the first line of the hymn 'Peterboro'. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and key signature of two sharps (indicated by 'F# G#'). The notes are quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear'.

Musical notation for the second line of the hymn 'Peterboro'. The music continues in common time and key signature of two sharps. The notes are quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'My voice as - cending high; To thee will I di -'

Musical notation for the third line of the hymn 'Peterboro'. The music continues in common time and key signature of two sharps. The notes are quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.'

Al - migh - ty Fath - er! I am weak, But

thou wilt strengthen me, If, from my heart, I

hum - bly seek For help and light from thee.

There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or

This musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in bass clef, and the bottom in bass clef. All staves are in common time (indicated by '3/4'). The first line of the hymn text is written below the top staff. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes connected by horizontal stems.

decks the li - ly fair, Or streaks the humblest

This musical score consists of three staves, continuing from the previous section. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in bass clef, and the bottom in bass clef. All staves are in common time (indicated by '3/4'). The second line of the hymn text is written below the top staff. The music features eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes connected by horizontal stems.

flower that grows, But God has placed it there.

This musical score consists of three staves, continuing from the previous section. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in bass clef, and the bottom in bass clef. All staves are in common time (indicated by '3/4'). The third line of the hymn text is written below the top staff. The music features eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes connected by horizontal stems.

2 3
Will God, who made the earth and sea, The

2 3
night, and shining day, Regard a lit - tle

2 3
child like me, And lis - ten when I pray ?

2 3

O, that the Lord would guide my ways To

keep his statutes still! O, that my God would

grant me grace To know and do his will!

Music for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key of C major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves: Soprano (top), Alto (middle), and Bass (bottom). The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano (piano-vocal score). The lyrics are:

Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray, And,

Music for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key of C major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves: Soprano (top), Alto (middle), and Bass (bottom). The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano (piano-vocal score). The lyrics are:

O, ac - cept my prayer; Thou canst hear all the

Music for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key of C major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves: Soprano (top), Alto (middle), and Bass (bottom). The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano (piano-vocal score). The lyrics are:

words I say, For thou art eve - ry-where.

0:3
2
G clef
2
Bass clef
2

O, wherefore were the flowers all made, And

dyed with rain - bow light, All fashioned with the

utmost grace, Up-spring-ing day and night.

0:3
2
G clef
2
Bass clef
2

dyed with rain - bow light, All fashioned with the

utmost grace, Up-spring-ing day and night.

0:3
2
G clef
2
Bass clef
2

utmost grace, Up-spring-ing day and night.

Music score for the first system of 'GAULOS. C. M.' The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp, and the time signature is common time (indicated by '2'). The lyrics are as follows:

The bird let loose in eastern skies, When hast'ning fondly

Music score for the second system of 'GAULOS. C. M.' The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp, and the time signature is common time (indicated by '2'). The lyrics are as follows:

home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, Nor flies Where

Music score for the third system of 'GAULOS. C. M.' The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp, and the time signature is common time (indicated by '2'). The lyrics are as follows:

i - die warblers roam, But high she shoots thro'

air and light, Above all low de - lay, Where nothing earthly

bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way, Where

noth-ing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

With - in these walls be peace: Love

This block contains the first line of the musical score. It features three staves. The top staff is in G clef, 3/2 time, and has a single note followed by a dotted half note. The middle staff is in G clef, 3/2 time, with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The bottom staff is in F clef, 3/2 time, with a half note followed by a dotted half note.

thro' our bor - ders found; In all our lit - tle

This block contains the second line of the musical score. It features three staves. The top staff is in G clef, 3/2 time, with a dotted half note followed by a quarter note and a eighth note. The middle staff is in G clef, 3/2 time, with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The bottom staff is in F clef, 3/2 time, with a half note followed by a dotted half note.

pal - a - ces, Pros-per - i - ty a - bound.

This block contains the third line of the musical score. It features three staves. The top staff is in G clef, 3/2 time, with a dotted half note followed by a quarter note and a eighth note. The middle staff is in G clef, 3/2 time, with a half note followed by a dotted half note. The bottom staff is in F clef, 3/2 time, with a half note followed by a dotted half note.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

25

Ten thousand different flowers To
thee sweet offerings bear; And cheerful birds in
shady bowers Sing forth thy ten - der care.

Ten thousand different flowers To

thee sweet offerings bear; And cheerful birds in

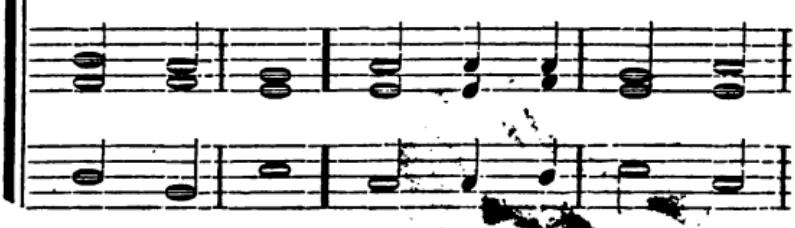
sha - dy bowers Sing forth thy ten-der care.



Sweet is the task, O Lord, Thy glorious



acts to sing, To praise thy name, and



hear thy word, And grate-ful offer - ings bring.



They who seek the throne of grace, Find that

This block contains three staves of musical notation in 2/4 time, treble, alto, and bass clefs, with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics "They who seek the throne of grace, Find that" are written below the notes.

throne in eve - ry place; If we love a

This block contains three staves of musical notation in 2/4 time, treble, alto, and bass clefs, with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics "throne in eve - ry place; If we love a" are written below the notes.

life of prayer, God is present eve - ry - where.

This block contains three staves of musical notation in 2/4 time, treble, alto, and bass clefs, with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics "life of prayer, God is present eve - ry - where." are written below the notes.

Now the shades of night are gone;

Now the morning light has come; Lord, may we be

thine to - day, Drive the shades of sin a - way.

Now the shades of night are gone; Now the

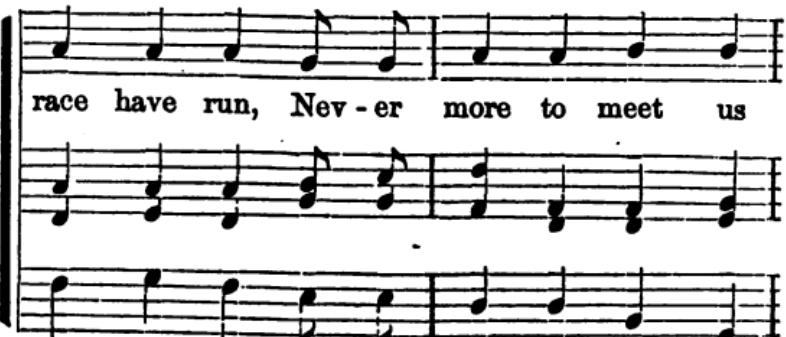
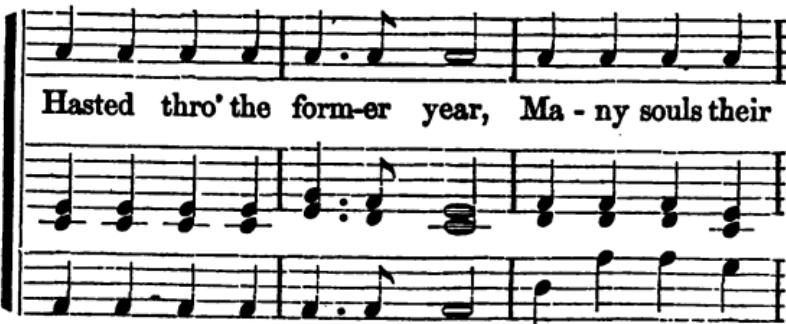
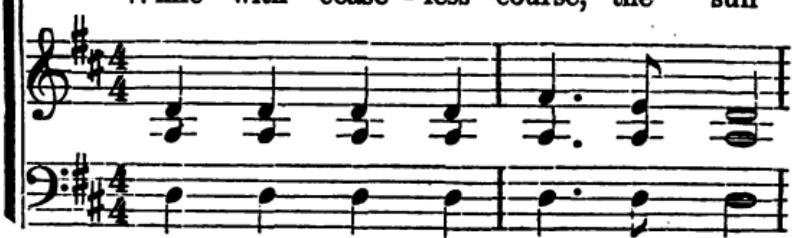
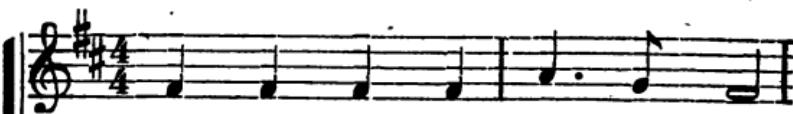
morn-ing light is come; Lord, may we be

thine to - day, Drive the shades of sin a - way.

Fa - ther, hear our humble prayer! Ten-der -

Shepherd of thy sheep, Let thy mer - cy

and thy care All our souls in safety keep.



here. Fixed in an e - ter - nal state,

They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle

lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

1ST CHOIR.

Lo! the lilies of the field! How their leaves instruction yield!

2D CHOIR.

Hark to nature's lesson given By the blessed birds of heaven!

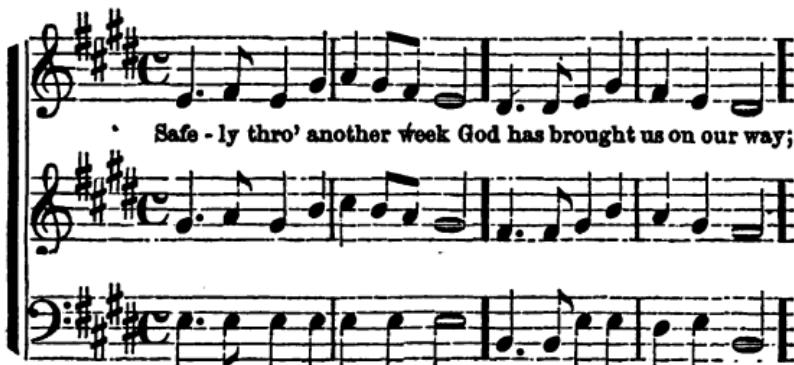
1ST CHOIR.

Eve - ry bush and tufted tree Warbles trust and pi - e - ty:

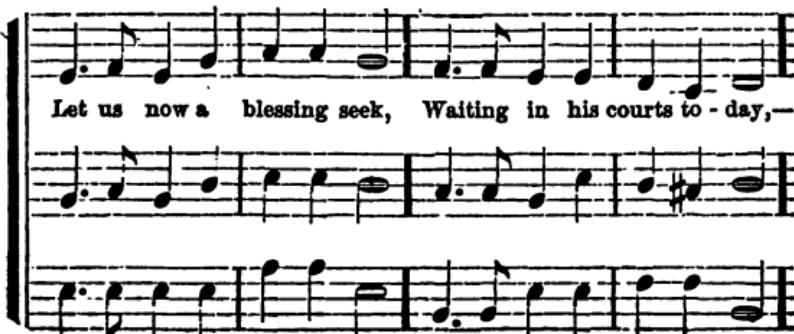
2D CHOIR.

Children, banish doubt and sorrow, God provideth for the morrow.

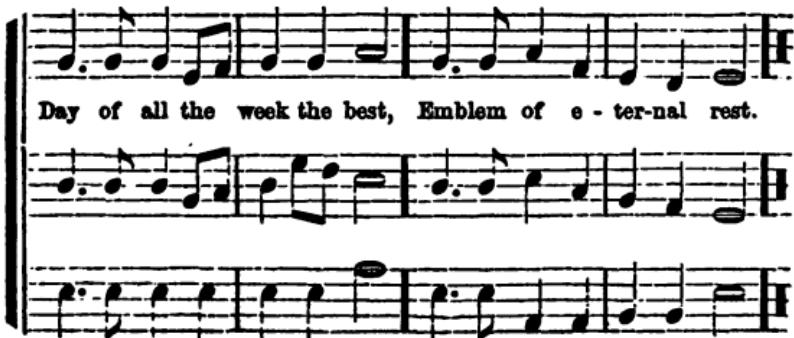
By permission.



Safe - ly thro' another week God has brought us on our way;



Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day,—



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

Jesus Christ, our Lord and Sa - viour, Once be -

Fine.

came a child like me; O, that in my whole be-

D. C.

ha - viour, He my pat - tern still may be.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

37

God is love! his mer - cy brightens,

All the path in which we rove: Bliss he wakes, and

woe he lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.

Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing; Fill our

hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos -
O, re - fresh us! O, re -

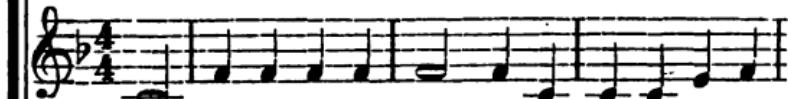
sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace,
fresh us! Travelling through this wil - der - ness.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

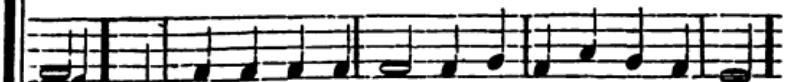
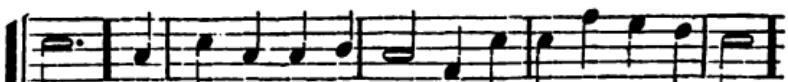
39

God bless our native land, Firm may she ev-er stand
thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Rul-er of
winds and wave, Do thou our country save, By thy great might.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. All staves are in common time (indicated by '3' over '4') and A major (indicated by a key signature of two sharps). The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases.



We come, O God, with gladness, Our humble thanks to



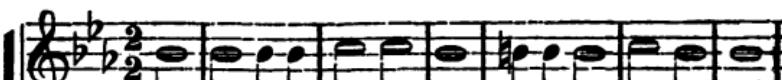
bring; With hearts yet free from sadness, Our hymns of praise we sing.



A - long our path are glow-ing The to - kens of thy love ;

Like streams of bounty flow - ing, Thy mercies from a - bove.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



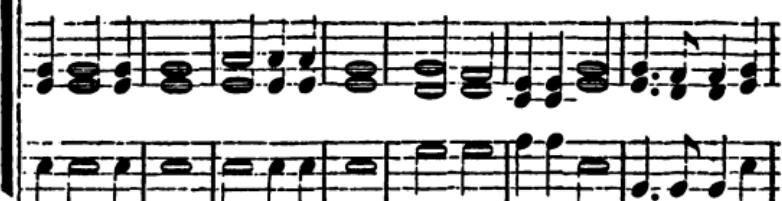
Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;



thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.



Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses as



we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temp-

ta - tion, But de - liv-er us from e-vil; for thine is the kingdom, and

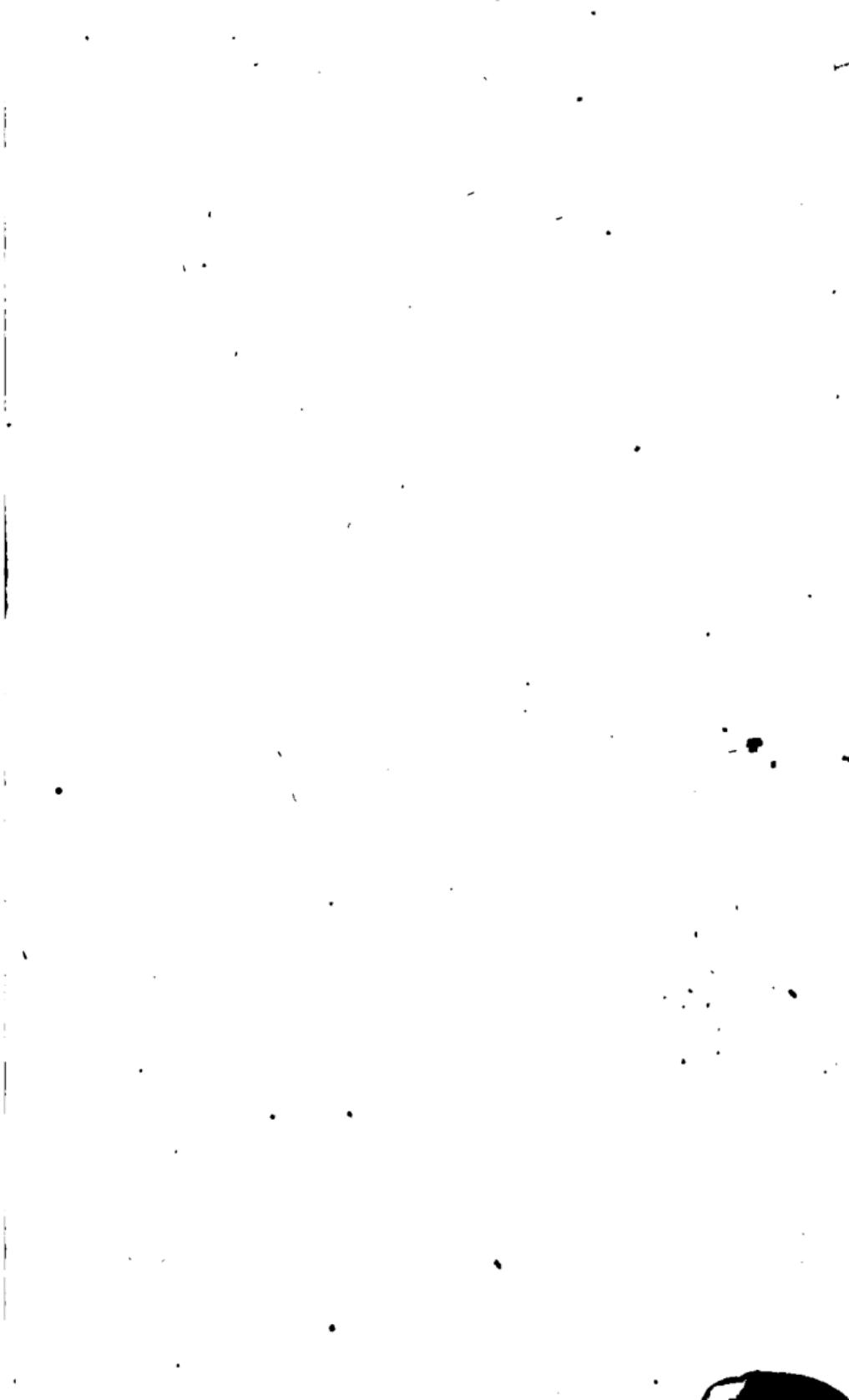
the power, and the glory, for - ev - er, and ev - er. A - men.

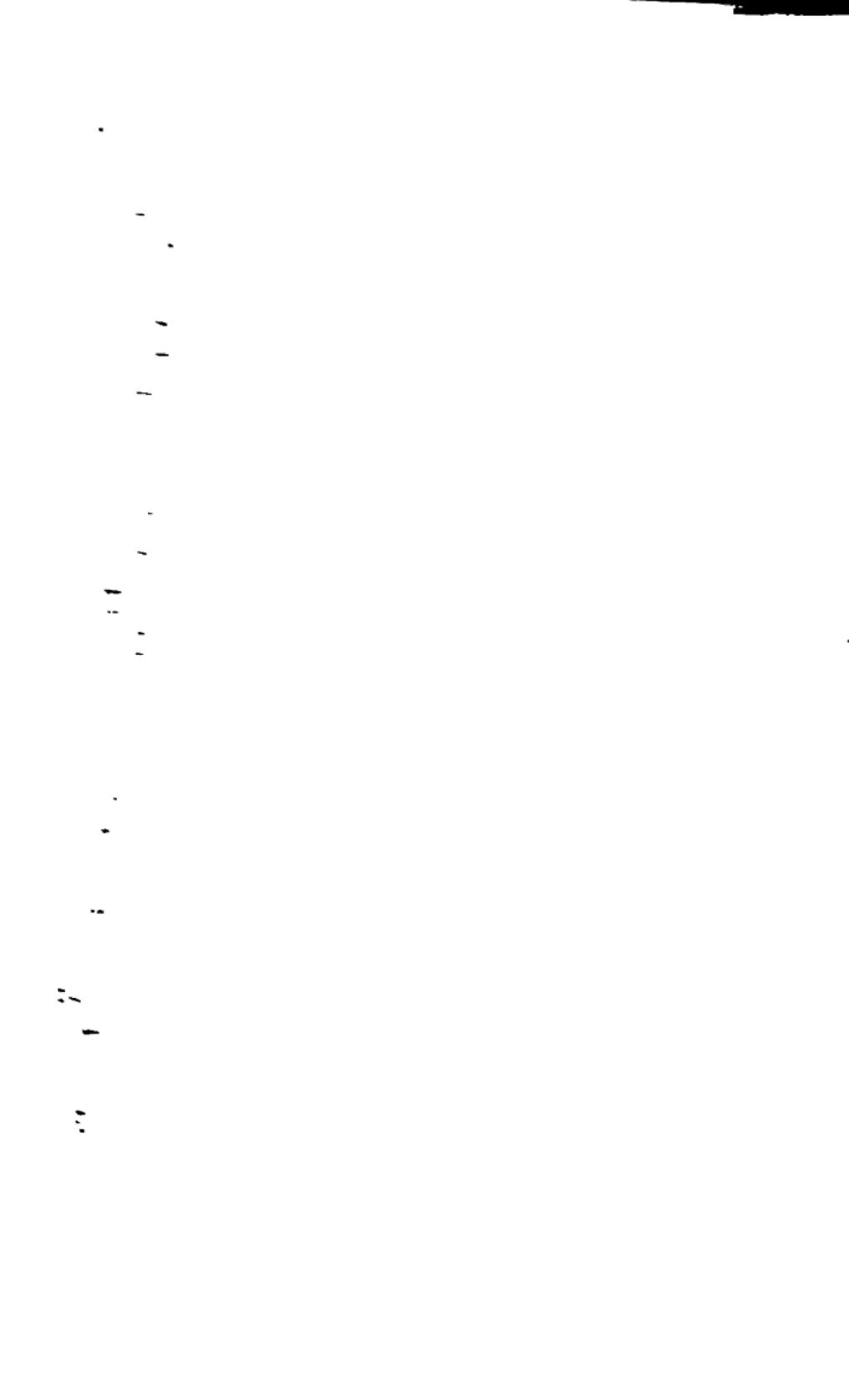
I feel with-in a want, For-ev-er

burn-ing there; What I so thirst for,

grant, O Thou who hear-est prayer.

By permission.







3 2044 037 929 122

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